the cheek like a curl of the romantic epoch and gives their face an expression of voluptuous languor.

They like the odor of flowers to such an extent that often, not able to smell them strongly enough, they insert the crushed petals in their nostrils. In that cafe one of them would sing, another would tell stories, and tame doves would fly about and porch on their shoulders.

Tuni$9 7 March

Little children sec this, laugh, repeat the obscene mimicry of Caracous. Difficult exercise of the miud; but let the mind make itself over until it considers such things natural

The French don't go there; they wouldn't know how to; they are little shops without any exterior attraction; you slip in through a low door. The French generally go to the near-by barkers, who make a great noise and draw only the tourists. The Arabs are not taken in and know that it is not much, this dancing cardboard horse, this camel made of wood and cloth that dances also, very amusingly indeed, but in a manner that has nothing intrinsic about it. But, right near, there is a traditional Caracous shop, classic, simple, as simple as can be, with an admirable stage convention that allows Caracous to hide in the middle of the stage, between two policemen who are looking for him, simply because he lowers his head and cannot see them. And the children accept, understand, and laugh.

If anyone wanted to revive our dramatic art that M. de Goncourt is insisting on killing, he could very well learn that art from Caracous and our old Guignols.

CARACOUS. A small oblong room, street-stall in the daytime, which collapses at night; a small stage is set up with a curtain of transparent linen as a background for the shadows. Perpendicular to the stage are

two benches along the walls. They are for the distinguished members of the audience.

The middle of the room fills up with very young children who sit on the ground and jostle one another. Everyone eats a quantity of melon seeds dried in salt, such a provocative delicacy that my pocket is emptied of them every evening, but I refill it in the morning for two cents. It is true that I give many of them to children.

The oddest thing here is the recesses in the wall, or very uncomfortable bunks like terns' nests, to which you pull yourself up and from which you fall out rather than get down. They are rented only for the whole evening to young habitues. I came back here many evenings; there was almost always the same public, in the same seats, listening to the same plays, and laughing at the same places - like me.

The actor who provides the voice for these shadows is excellent.